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WITH EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT: THE "HANDY MAN" AT WINDSOR. SIXPENCE.

The Princess of Wales. Princess Victoria of Wales.



S. BEGG.

Mr. Gochen. The Prince of Wales.

NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" IN LONDON: THE 12-POUNDER FROM LADYSMITH PASSING THE PRINCESS OF WALES ON THE HORSE GUARDS' PARADE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Any Briton who feels hurt because the world does not like us may get some comfort by walking round the Empress Theatre at the Earl's Court Exhibition. Here are ladies of many countries, sitting in their native scenery, or a very good semblance of it, dressed in their native costume, and breaking ever and anon into the melodies that they sing at home. Beauties from Castile there are, and fair Scandinavians, and merry Swiss girls; and there's a smile that alone is worth your shilling, for it must have come straight from Connemara. All the foreign ladies look quite kindly at you. Munich may be displeased to learn that German girls have a friendly air for an English crowd, and Rotterdam may go into mourning when it hears that its daughters sit in a London show without muttering resentfully Mr. Kruger's favourite texts. The Japanese are as vivacious as if they were at Tokio; but two Chinese maidens seem a little wistful and forlorn. The music and song they hear bewilder them, for the Chinese ear, I am told, does not appreciate the Occidental harmonies. A friend of mine, who has reminiscences of a Chinese dinner-party, says that ladies came in towards the end of the feast, and sang like screech-owls. European minstrelsy, I suspect, has pretty much the same effect on these Chinese maidens at Earl's Court. They long for the cheerful noises of Canton, and the sight of a pigtail would refresh them greatly. I hope some philanthropic mandarin will visit the Exhibition to keep their spirits up, if it be only Mr. Rutland Barrington's mandarin out of "San Toy."

A show like this is a liberal education. Cockneys who have never been out of London may acquire the polish of a Continental tour. They might even become linguists, and astonish their domestic circles with a Russian vocabulary, if Mr. Kiralfy would authorise impromptu classes for polite conversation. But the student who would like to have a word or two from an engaging Russ is promptly checked by one of the severe young women in uniform that patrol the theatre. This is hard upon an idealist who thinks of Tolstoy's prediction that war will be ended by the community of tongues and the obliteration of racial distinctions. Everything must have a beginning, even the fulfilment of prophecy, and it would be at least a step towards universal peace if you could learn to say in Russian, "How beautiful to the fair stranger from the Volga must be the first breath of London's myriad chimneys!" But the moment the desire for this lesson sparkles in your eye, a warning voice says, "Pass along, please!"

A philosopher, who takes a keen interest in all movements towards the equality of the sexes, regarded these feminine police with misgiving. "This won't do," he remarked gloomily to me. "When a policeman tells you to pass along, you pass, without arguing the point; but when these young women issue the same order, what happens? Instead of passing along, you turn to them with a smile and start a conversation. This is one of the most serious troubles we have in the education of woman. She is too sociable. Set her to exercise any kind of public authority, and the moment a man asks a question she must talk to him!" "You forget," I said, "that these ladies do not represent the majesty of law. They have no power to hale you and me before the nearest beak, and tell him all the ill they know of us from information they have received. They could not stand in the roadway and arrest the traffic by holding up a lily-white hand. But give them the technical authority of a constable, and then why should we not obey them without a murmur?" "When they have eyes like those?" asked my friend, indicating a pair that flashed upon us at that moment.

"No doubt you would have to select the eyes," I admitted, "that express law and order. Black eyes are too provocative, blue too languishing, and brown eyes suggest a clinging disposition, unsuitable to the police. But there is a grey eye that should wring respectful submission from the most presumptuous man. I read a letter the other day from an Englishman in South Africa, describing how two pretty Dutch girls had transfixed him with glances like frozen steel. They must have had grey eyes." "They might terrify men," rejoined the philosopher, "though I very much doubt it. The impunity which the bad tradition of countless ages has assured to man would not be mastered by grey eyes, however frosty and steely. And even if discipline were enforced by the eye, it might be undone by the figure!" This reflection threw him into still deeper gloom, which I strove to lighten by telling him how the prizes recently offered by a literary journal for the best original poem, short story, and essay had all been carried off by women, nothing falling to any masculine competitor, except the prize for what was called "epigrammatic criticism." This foreshadows the fate of literary man. Some statesmen used to be taunted with mumbling the dry bones of political economy. I wonder how long the literary man will be left to mumble even the barren epigrams of a vanished ascendancy.

Mr. Sidney Lee has made an energetic protest against the proposal of the British Museum Trustees to break up

their collection of newspapers. They complain that they have not room to house these treasures, which they want to stow away in public libraries throughout the kingdom. Mr. Lee points out that this will be no gain to the public libraries, for they already possess sets of their own local prints, whilst it will greatly incommode every student who has been accustomed to find all this material under the roof of the Museum. But the chief interest of the dispute lies in the attitude of the Trustees towards the multiplication of newspapers. They appear to regard this as an intolerable burden upon an institution which was designed for the preservation of more precious matter. Think of a Trustee's feelings at breakfast-time when his butler lays an unfamiliar journal on the table! "What's this, James?" he asks. "New halfpenny paper, Sir. First number, Sir," says James, probably stimulated by the headlines of that enterprising print. And the Trustee groans at the thought that every number will have to be enshrined in the Library of the British Museum.

Why not? Mr. Lee says justly that the modern newspaper is of cardinal importance to the historian. Centuries hence every number of that halfpenny journal will be of the utmost value to the antiquary who explains our extraordinary ideas and habits to his wondering generation. An American professor of literature has been telling his readers that journalism is an ephemeral thing for the day's consumption, but that what men of letters write is for all time. The British Museum refutes this theory. In its comprehensive bosom repose alike the genius who writes for posterity and the humble scribe who writes for to-morrow morning. It is sad to think that posterity may neglect that genius so grossly as even to forget his immortal name, whilst it quotes the humble scribe merely because he noted some trick of speech or fashion in his contemporaries. Nothing amuses successive generations so much as the droll peculiarities of their ancestors; and when our turn comes to minister to this mirth, it will be found that the journalist has contributed a good deal more material than the man of letters, not by any special merit of his own, but simply by his habit of observation. It is not likely that our political systems, scholarship, and philosophy will be highly esteemed in the year of grace 2500, even if they are remembered; but what we ate and wore, how we lived and loved, will still be entertaining. And what chronicle of these pursuits and pastimes is so varied and veracious as the halfpenny journal?

A strange awe falls upon me when I think that even the "Note Book" passes every week through those majestic portals in Great Russell Street into the custody of the Trustees. I fear they treat it with scant reverence. It has no chance even of such affectionate patronage as the gravedigger bestows on the skull of Yorick. "A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!" What would I not give to hear a Trustee say that? The Archbishop of Canterbury is a member of the august body. I have not "poured a flagon of Rheish" on his reverend head; but what journalist can say that he has never whisked some flippant witicism in the same direction? If I could only think that the Archbishop laughed in his lawn sleeves over some such indiscretion of mine, and that another Trustee—Mr. Morley, let us say—wrote on the margin of the "Note-Book" this pregnant comment: "Dr. Temple was suspected by his colleagues on the Board of having been secretly tickled by this!" 'Wouldn't that be (if you will pardon the vulgarity) "nuts" for the social historian, A.D. 2500? Is there no consolation in that thought, O brother and sister scribes, for us who touch the feathery fringe of the passing hour? Come what may, we shall sleep in the great Pantheon, together with the illustrious; and when they are bidden to rise for the diversion or instruction of posterity, we shall have an excellent chance of piping and skipping in their train.

This reflection should make the journalist tolerant in controversy, for although not a Trustee, he can invite whom he pleases to share the perpetual hospitality of the Museum. There is a courteous Dutchman at Rotterdam who desires me to explain the statement I made recently that Holland owes much to the protection of England. Well, we have loved her and we have chastened her. But for us, would the kingdom of the Netherlands have been created when Napoleon's stolen heritage was parcelled out at the Congress of Vienna? Holland and Belgium fell out fifteen years later, and, with the assistance of France, we separated them. This was very obnoxious to the Dutch, who treated the Belgians much as Mr. Kruger treated his Outlanders. We gave Antwerp to Belgium, to the bitter grief of Sir Archibald Alison (see his "History of Europe," which nobody reads). We took from Holland some of her nice possessions in the East, and gave her nothing to speak of in exchange. But England, the great maritime mother, has brooded over her for her good, and I think she is rather an ungrateful duckling. Let my Rotterdam friend reflect that, but for England, his country would fall into the maw of Germany, who is sorely in need of ports, and would like Rotterdam very much. Let him, I say, reflect on this, and then walk hand in hand with me to my last home in the British Museum.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

LORD ROBERTS'S ADVANCE FROM BLOEMFONTEIN.

The long-looked-for move of Lord Roberts's force from Bloemfontein has begun, and has already been followed by some striking results. The actual advance may be said to have commenced on April 30, when General Wavell's Brigade at Kameel, General Bruce Hamilton's at Glen, and General Maxwell's at Krantzkrans—all holding posts thrown out northwards some weeks ago from Bloemfontein—took a forward step in the direction of Brandfort, then strongly garrisoned by some thousands of the enemy. On May 3 the first important stage in the march on Pretoria was accomplished by the occupation of Brandfort, which was carried out in a very masterly manner, and partook of the nature of a surprise. The movement was a combined one of General Tucker's and General Pole-Carew's Divisions on the east and centre, the mounted infantry under General Hutton operating on the west. The enemy, who had evidently intended to offer a stout resistance, were completely taken aback, and retired hurriedly all along the line. This was undoubtedly a very considerable success.

On May 5 the force of two divisions, with mounted infantry, marched some twenty miles to the Vet River, which Lord Roberts made an attempt to cross, but was foiled by the heavy fire from the enemy's guns on the opposite bank. For three hours a brisk artillery duel was carried on, but our guns could not silence those of the enemy, and the passage of the infantry being obviously impossible, the bulk of the force bivouacked for the night within three miles of the river. Shortly before dusk, however, General Hutton's Mounted Infantry, consisting chiefly of Colonials, turned the enemy's right, and in a very dashing manner pushed across the river under a heavy shell and musketry fire. The next morning it was discovered that the Boers had evacuated their position on the opposite bank, and had fled northwards in the direction of the Zand River and Kroonstad. Accordingly, Lord Roberts's force crossed the Vet without opposition, and, proceeding some seven miles further, occupied Smaldeel, which is the junction of the branch line to the important town of Winburg. At Smaldeel a quantity of stores and railway material fell into our hands, and as on the previous evening Winburg had been occupied by General Ian Hamilton, who had been moving up from Thaba N'chu, a still more notable step than the surprise of Brandfort was thus accomplished with beautiful regularity and comparatively few casualties.

The significance of this march of Pole-Carew's and Tucker's Divisions to Smaldeel is largely bound up in the simultaneous move of Ian Hamilton's force on Winburg, and the combined advance merits some separate and careful attention. Ian Hamilton was originally sent out, it will be remembered, from Bloemfontein towards Thaba N'chu in connection with the Boer raid to the south-east of the Free State. On Rundle's arrival at Thaba N'chu from the south, a very brilliant operation was set on foot, Ian Hamilton being moved northwards on Winburg in pursuit of a large body of retreating Boers, while Lord Roberts quietly but effectively worked up from Bloemfontein to Smaldeel. On the evening of May 5 Ian Hamilton had occupied Winburg, and on the next morning Lord Roberts had seized the other end of the branch line, thus completing the movement with masterly accuracy and thoroughness. We shall probably not have to wait long before additional steps in the advance are achieved in the same perfect manner, for the advantage already gained is enormous. Not only has a substantial portion of the distance between Bloemfontein and Kroonstad been covered, and a considerable amount of moral success attained, but the Army will proceed henceforth on such a broad front, and with such added security to its communications, that even at Kroonstad a protracted Boer stand seems quite improbable. Moreover, the country is by no means favourable to Boer tactics, when practised against such an enemy as Lord Roberts, who has already shown his ability to keep his wily opponents moving from pillar to post at a pace they clearly find to be an inconvenient one. Northwards from Brandfort it is hilly, but not sufficiently so to prevent turning movements by cavalry and mounted infantry, with which Lord Roberts is now well supplied.

By the latest accounts General Hutton has pushed on towards the Zand River, but this is more likely to be a reconnaissance than a definite step ahead. The railway south of Smaldeel has been badly damaged by the retreating Boers, and some delay has been and will continue to be experienced in bringing up supplies. Moreover, Lord Roberts will doubtless wait to be joined by his cavalry and various other reinforcements before marching directly on Kroonstad.

In other directions matters are progressing equally smoothly. The strong Boer position in front of Rundle at Thaba N'chu has been evacuated, and at the time of writing was being held by him. The latter on Tuesday was joined by General Brabant, and a further move north was said to be contemplated, but it seems more probable that a stay will be made in this district by, at any rate, Rundle's Division, in view of the considerable numbers of Boers still moving about in it.

From Natal, beyond a rather vague report that Buller is carefully watching the Drakensberg passes, there is no news. But on the Western Border there is brisk movement under the supervision of General Hunter, whose characteristic energy is rapidly making itself felt in the projected relief of Mafeking. Part of his expedition is evidently fighting its way up through the Taungas district, and at Fourteen Streams the force which for weeks has been compulsorily more or less inactive has at last succeeded in driving the Boers out of their position on the opposite bank of the Vaal. Plumer is preparing to co-operate on the north, but the tension on Mafeking is unfortunately not yet relaxed. On the contrary, the Boer investment seems of late to have grown perceptibly closer.

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WHEN JACK COMES HOME AGAIN: THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



Photo. Macdonald, Edin.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY RETURNING FROM A VISIT TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

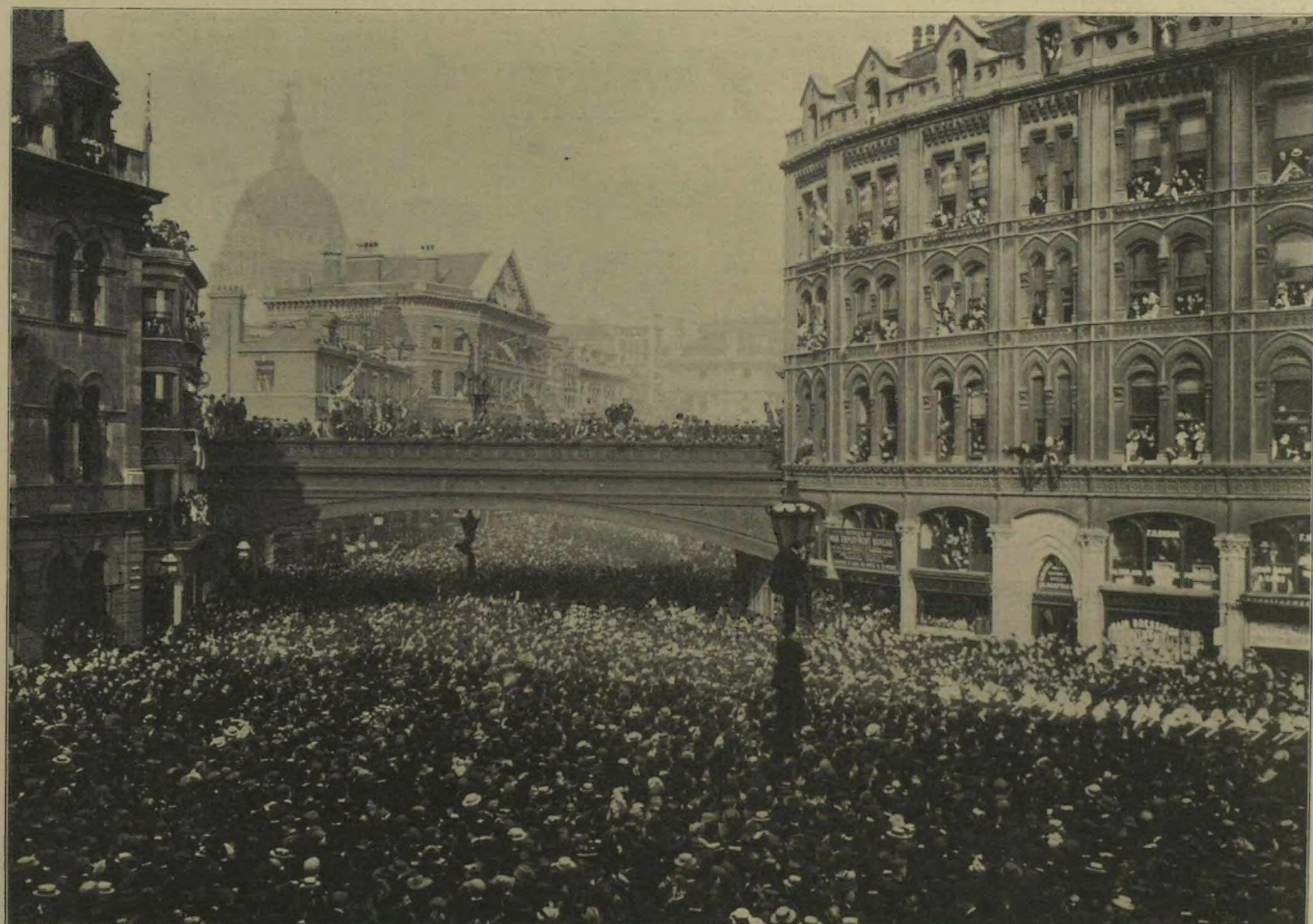


Photo. W. Dix.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" IN THE CITY: PASSING UP QUEEN VICTORIA STREET.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

The men of the *Powerful* have had all the honours that Windsor and London can bestow upon them. The Queen has received them, and London has given them the cheers of one of the greatest and gayest of throngs ever brought together even in the neighbourhood of the Horse Guards. The Prince of Wales was obviously the proper personage to "review" the men who helped to hold Ladysmith; and, fortunately, his position as Admiral allowed him to do so without any breach of that etiquette



THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" IN LONDON: PASSING THE HORSE GUARDS.

which plays so large a part in the higher ranks of the service that, nevertheless, produces at the need its handy men whenever they are wanted. The greetings that London crowds have given the soldier lately could not, one might suppose, be surpassed. But the sailor exists to show forth that impossible thing—a still more astonishing enthusiasm. Nor is the historic preference for the sea forces over those of the land confined to the man in the street. It has its roots in the heart of the nation, and at the Academy Banquet last Saturday night, where both Captain Lambton and Sir George White were guests, to the naval hero rather than to the military the Duke of Cambridge addressed his personal praises. With Captain Lambton's portrait we print that of a hero of the ranks, Gunner William Sims, of the *Powerful*, who, on a memorable occasion, silenced "Long Tom" in three shots. The sailor returned from some deed of daring is all the more delightful as a hero because he turns round to his applauders and says with frank confidence, "Any other fellow would have done as well."

The Naval Brigade arrived at Victoria Station at 10.30, and at a quarter past eleven they reached the Admiralty, where refreshments were served. Shortly after the men returned and fell in, the Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria arrived, their carriage halting near the saluting base, where the Prince of Wales and the Lords of the Admiralty took up their position. The men then marched past, the band playing nautical airs. The advance in review order, the royal salute, and "God Save the Queen!" followed, whereupon Mr. Goschen addressed Captain Lambton and his men. The Prince then made a speech, and the officers, midshipmen, and gunners were presented to his Royal Highness and shook hands with him and with Mr. Goschen. The First Lord of the Admiralty entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the royal party, as well as Captain Lambton and his officers, to luncheon, the men being also provided with a substantial meal.

After luncheon the march to the City began, the route being by way of the Embankment. On arrival at the Royal Exchange, the Brigade was entertained by Lloyd's. The entertainment took place in the reading-room, which was decorated with naval trophies, the names of Lady-smith, Belmont, Graspan, Bloemfontein, and Modder River being inscribed round the walls. More speechmaking and congratulations followed, and after the National Anthem had been chanted with tremendous energy, the Brigade marched off to London Bridge Station amid crowds as dense and enthusiastic as those who had accorded the welcome. Thus a great day came to an end.

OUR WAR PICTURES.

Our war-artists are able to avoid monotony in the sketches sent home by the last mail, so varied are the operations and incidents of war on a great scale. The misfortunes, as well as the fortunes, of war have their record—from the Reddersburg disaster—of which Mr. Melton Prior says nearly everything when he says, "It was a sad affair, but could not be helped"—down to the accident to the troop-train at Cape Town, where nine men of the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Gordon Highlanders were injured in an overturning due to the bursting of a dam. Mr. Prior's sketch of the surprise of Roberts's Horse—"Files about, Gallop!"—tells its own story only too truly of the disastrous Boer ambushade at Koorn Spruit—an episode of which full official explanations have still to reach us. Mr. Frank Stewart shows us a battery of Royal Horse Artillery, accompanied by two squadrons of Dragoons, on their way—a very rough way—to Elands-laagte, to reinforce troops that were there under attack. The investment of Mafeking offers to the artist or photographer opportunities all the more tempting from the difficulty of realising them. However, the pigeon-post

has this week been established as a means of communication between the gallant garrison and the outer world; and we shall be able to follow more closely than ever the daily story of the life that has for its environment the scenes of our Illustrations of Colonel Baden-Powell's shelter and the Boer laager outside the town.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

The King and Queen of Sweden and Norway visited Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle on May 4. Their Majesties were met at the railway station by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein,

however, marked by that knowledge of the treatment of suffused light to which he has accustomed us, and is painted with all his knowledge and love of English climate. His brother Academician, Mr. Goodall, draws freely upon his Nile reminiscences, and of these "Wool for the Cargo-Boat" is perhaps the most essentially distinctive. Admiral Blake, whose statue by Mr. F. Pomeroy is one of chief attractions of the Central Hall, has his "Victory over Van Tromp" depicted in vigorous tones by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. Possibly, no other pictures are more purely imaginative than those dealing with battles by land and sea; of the former the exhibition is, for a wonder, almost free, and we are content to accept Mr. Wyllie's work for its artistic rather than its historic value. Two other Associates, Mr. Eyre Crowe and Mr. Phil Morris, who in their time have done good work, are represented by pictures which will gratify their admirers. The "Poultry-Yard" of the former is far removed from his clever rendering of the pillory in which De Foe was made to stand (now at the Guildhall), and "Coming from the Fair" by the latter recalls the work in which, as a follower of Fred Walker, he achieved his early reputation.

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Equipped"—a soldier with the head of an ecclesiastic—shows its painter's masterful skill with his brush, but the face of the knight leaves one in doubt as to whether he has not mistaken his career. No such obscurity is to be found in Mr. Seymour Lucas's trooper inditing to his wife (we may hope) a true excuse for his absence. Mr. Waterhouse's "Awakening of Adonis," although delicately coloured and full of figures, seems to be somewhat wanting in purpose as compared, for instance, with Mr. Ridley Corbet's "Psyche," watching Love, surrounded by her doves, flying away over the Italian plains. Unfortunately, the figure of Psyche suggests limpness rather than despair, but the conception is as poetic as the landscape is beautiful.

Among the pictures dealing with more everyday subjects, Miss Kemp-Welch's "Horses Bathing in the Sea" is a fine, vigorous picture, full of light and movement. Even greater skill is displayed by Mr. La Thangue's "Water-plash," a flock of pondward-waddling geese, on whose plumage the sun falls in bright spots through the foliage. This use of bright patches of sunlight again appears very effectively in the same painter's "Plough-boy," and in both cases gives reality as well as effect to the picture. Mr. Frank Bramley, Mr. Walter Langley, and one or two others of the Newlyn school have made little progress since they first forced themselves upon public opinion, but Mr. Stanhope Forbes has certainly gained by his recent stay in Southern France, such pictures as "The Old Bridge" and "The Drinking-Place" being fully up to his former level. Mr. Joseph Farquharson is at his best in snowy landscapes, having caught the secret of their varying tones. The Hon. John Collier's strongest picture, "The Billiard-Players," must be seen at a considerable distance to be fully appreciated. Mr. Herbert Draper, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Edward Stott, and Mr. Edward Waite are among the younger men whose work deserves attention. Mr. George S. Watson's ambitious picture, "Prometheus chained to his Rock," endeavours to convey somewhat by guesswork the conditions of the proto-martyr's Himalayan retreat, but, pictorially, is somewhat monotonous in colour.

Among the foreigners to whom hospitality has been accorded M. Benjamin Constant is most prominent with his portraits of the Princess Demidoff and Lady Colebrooke. M. Bouguereau's "La Vierge aux Lys" is as smooth and faultless as usual; and M. Emile Wauters, who has attained considerable reputation in Belgium and Paris, contributes a portrait of Mrs. Stuart Bouverie, of which the surroundings on the seashore seem hardly compatible with her elaborate costume.

The water-colours, though scarcely so numerous as usual, are of generally high merit; Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Frank Walton, Mr. George Cockram, and Mr. Mottram being among the most noteworthy. Four other artists besides Mr. H. von Herkomer



THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" IN LONDON: LEAVING VICTORIA STATION.

strange," of the real purport of which no two persons will give the same interpretation. Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Musicienne du Silence" is a fine scheme of colour after the manner of the older Venetian painters, and is more direct of purpose than either of the two last-named works, and it suggests even more than it presents to the eye. Mr. G. D. Leslie's single contribution, on the other hand, is somewhat too sad in its suggestion, "In Time of War"; it is,

appeal for recognition as enamellists, and it must be admitted that their work has considerable ability, but it will scarcely become popular. The taste for miniatures seems to have developed considerable capacity among the competitors for distinction—the Earl of Tankerville, Miss Keller, Miss Thompson, and Miss Ensie being the most prominent amongst many who show skill and often taste in this style of work.

PERSONAL.

The Prince of Wales, at the Academy banquet on Saturday, continued the habit he began many years ago of signalling out for mention the picture of his preference. The courage of your convictions is very real courage in such a case. The artist who is named is happy, no doubt, but somewhat at the expense of his fellows. Mr. Sargent's portrait-group of the three daughters of the Hon. Percy Wyndham was on this occasion his Royal Highness's fortunate choice. The compliment was a double one; for the Prince not only renamed the picture "The Three Graces," but he gave the artist's name without the conventional prefix of "Mr."—"the great artist Sargent." The tribute of the dropped "Mr." is usually reserved for posterity to pay. The affair is one of some subtlety. Monarchs and Princes are known generally by their Christian names; men of genius by their surnames only. Nobody says Mr. Shakspeare; and since Mrs. Shelley and Leigh Hunt died, nobody speaks of Mr. Shelley. That Mr. Sargent in his own lifetime should have his prefix abolished in his own presence by a speaker must be reckoned among the recognitions of his supremacy in his art.

Mr. Thomas Arthur Bramsdon, who has been returned in succession to Mr. W. O. Clough as Liberal member for

Portsmouth, polled 10,287 votes, or 579 in excess of the Conservative candidate, Mr. J. H. A. Majendie. The new member is a local solicitor, a magistrate for Portsmouth, and the Borough Coroner. He served his articles to Mr. A. W. Mills, the Coroner of the Queen's Household, and was admitted a solicitor in 1878. The election created, as might be expected at such a time, a great deal of local excitement, and a

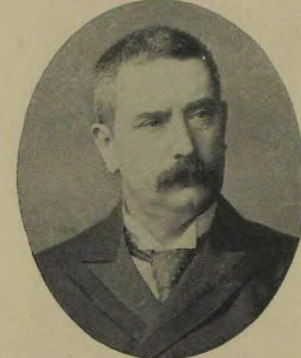


Photo. Rux ell, Southern.
MR. T. A. BRAMSDON,
The Newly Elected M.P. for Portsmouth.

crowd of 5000 people waited outside the Town Hall at night until they saw on the dome of the building the red light that was the arranged signal to announce Mr. Bramsdon's return.

The exhibition of Mr. Caton Woodville's portrait of the Prince of Wales at Burlington House makes a precedent in the annals of the Royal Academy. According to the rules of that institution, its hospitality is not extended to a picture that has been on exhibition elsewhere in London. The portrait in question has, however, been already seen and admired at Messrs. Graves' Gallery in Pall Mall. The wishes of royalty have prevailed, therefore, over the rules of an Academy which is nothing if not Royal. The catalogue partly explains the situation, by its announcement that the portrait is exhibited "by command of H.M. the Queen."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, President-elect of the Congregational Union, is better known as Dr. Parker of the City Temple.

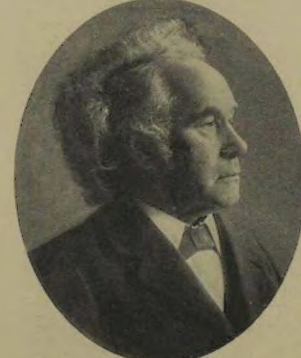


Photo. Mills.
THE REV. DR. JOSEPH PARKER,
President-elect of the Congregational Union.

he passed to the Cavendish Chapel, Manchester, and in 1869 to the City Temple. He has been Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, of the London Congregational Union, and twice of the London Congregational Board. The Manchester Congregational Board and the Lancashire Congregational Union have also claimed him as President. His busy ministerial life has yet left him the opportunity to become a voluminous author; theological and devotional writings, and even, in a mild way, fiction, are included among his works. Last year he published his autobiography.

That Cape Town in war-time should be able to raise within a few days the sum of £2000 to send to the fire-victims at Ottawa is only proof of the general unification of the Empire. Sir Alfred Milner speaks of the gift as a debt of gratitude, and the sentiment underlying those words has its expression also in the large sum raised by London for transmission to Our Lady of the Snows. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who always manages to say the right thing at the right time, has made, in a telegram to Lord Strathcona, due acknowledgment of Great and Greater Britain's Imperial aid of Canada in her domestic distress.

Lieutenant Daniell Buchanan, of Kitchener's Light Horse, was killed in action near Modder River while



LIEUTENANT DANIELL BUCHANAN,
Kitchener's Light Horse, Killed near
Modder River.

Mexico; and even in that country was noted for his fine physique and as a daring rider and expert shot. He responded promptly to the call of his country to her sons, and went with the same step to service and to death.

The new Master of the Rolls in succession to Sir Nathaniel Lindley is Sir Richard Webster, who has represented the Isle of Wight in Parliament since 1885. Sir Richard, who was born in 1842, is the second son of Thomas Webster, Q.C. He was educated at King's College School, at Charterhouse, and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was a Scholar. He occupied



Photo. Hughes and Mullins.
SIR RICHARD WEBSTER,
NEW MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

a good place in the Mathematical Tripos, and also took honours in classics. He was called to the Bar in 1868, and joined the South-Eastern Circuit. He took silk in 1878. He has three times been Attorney-General, in 1885, 1886, and since 1895. He will be raised to the Peerage.

Mr. Dickson, the delegate for Queensland, has parted company with his colleagues on the question of the clause in the Australian Commonwealth Bill that limits the right of appeal to the Privy Council. Four of the delegates demand that the clause shall be left untouched. Mr. Dickson announces that he is for cancelling the clause.

Spion Kop, made for the moment a central point for party recriminations, may be recalled once more as the



PRIVATE J. PARRY,
A well-known Rand Criketer, Killed at
Spion Kop.

glorious fighting-ground of heroes. One such, whose name belongs to the long list of killed belonging to Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, is Private John Parry, whose portrait now appears. Mr. Parry was a keen lover of sports; and in the free hours allowed him by his duties in connection with the Robinson Gold Mining Company at Johannesburg, he made his name noted for his feats at football and cricket. Born at Maritzburg in 1867, he joined Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry very shortly before the date of Spion Kop, and lost his life in his first engagement.

The Earl of Durham and Captain the Hon. Hedworth Lampton, of H.M.S. *Powerful*, left London together on Tuesday for the North. Lampton Castle has around it a large mining population that has little time left for hero-worship. But there is a certain kinship of danger between those who work in the bowels of the earth and those who are toilers of the sea. The sailor has always been a popular character in the North Country; and Captain Lampton will be able to make some interesting comparisons between the staying-power of a Northern and a Southern cheer.

Captain Lampton explained, before leaving London, that he had refused many invitations for his men, including passes for the theatres, because he did not want them to "pose as heroes." There is mainly sense as well as modesty in that attitude. The "handy men" are splendid, but a limit must be set to the show-making.

Admiral Field complained bitterly in the *Times* that the Carlton Club had no flag for patriotic occasions. This deficiency has been repaired, and the club displayed a brand-new flag on the day the Naval Brigade visited London. There is no public sign as yet that the gallant Admiral is appeased.

At the turning-point of the war's fortune in the neighbourhood of Barkly East, the relief of that town, held by rebels, was carried out by Captain Wooler at the head of fifty of the Cape Police, and supported by Captain Penny, with twenty Mounted Volunteers. Seventy rebels left the town before this company of the same number of English arrived, so that Captain Wooler had not a great deal to do beyond making a few arrests, planning the restoration of communication with Dordrecht, and unfurling a Union Jack which the inhabitants presented to him, and which was at once saluted by the singing of the National Anthem.

M. François Coppée has informed M. Déroulède that the French Nationalists are "drunk with victory." This is a poetical license, for the Nationalists have merely gained a few seats in the Paris municipal election, and have succeeded nowhere else in France. The intoxication of M. Coppée is not likely to abbreviate M. Déroulède's exile.

Mr. Kruger is looking ahead. He has told the Volksraad at Pretoria that, even when he is at St. Helena, the cause of the "Afrikander nation" will go on. This is a doubtful speculation, and the only substantial part of it is the forecast of Mr. Kruger's future residence. It is plain that he cannot be left in South Africa after the war. The most interesting thing to do with him is to give him a villa in a pleasant part of Surrey.

Corporal Fraser Carleton Armstrong, of the British South African Police, served for some years in the 20th Hussars,

being one of the crack shots of that regiment, and winning year after year the shield and Lloyd-Lindsay prizes. He trained the 7-pounder and Maxim detachments which afterwards did such good service during the siege of Mafeking and in the assaults upon the Boer trenches. Corporal Armstrong succumbed to enteric fever on Feb. 13. He was one of the finest sportsmen in South Africa. Corporal Armstrong adds yet another to the long list of those capable and heroic Englishmen who have helped to make our Colonial forces the serviceable and efficient auxiliaries they are.

It is odd to learn that the furniture bought for the Queen's visit to the Vice-regal Lodge in Dublin has been put up for auction. Such a proceeding will astonish the hotel proprietors in the South of France, where everything purchased for the comfort of the Queen is religiously preserved, and exhibited with pride.

A cycle-manufacturer named Starley has thought it necessary to issue a new edition of the Bible, in which the New Testament comes before the Old. Mr. Starley says that the leaders of religious thought have given him no encouragement in this enterprise. He would have done well to limit his energies to the manufacture of cycles, which he probably understands. Not long ago another Biblical student conceived the idea that what the Bible chiefly needed was to be done into intelligible English.

The portrait which we published last week of the German Emperor and Empress and two of their sons was the work of Messrs. Gunn and Stuart, of Sloane Street and Richmond.



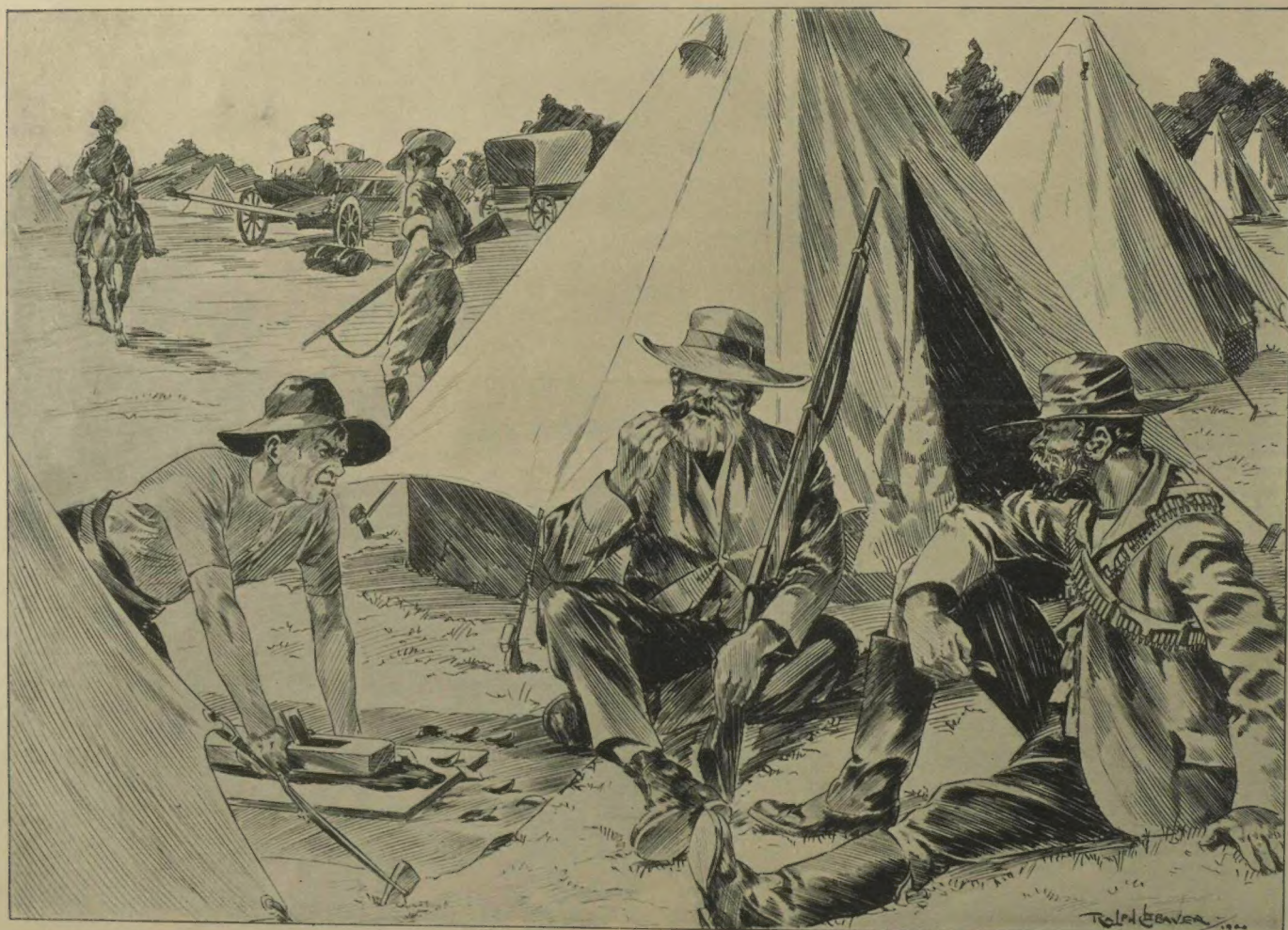
Photo. G. N. Tallopy.
CAPTAIN WOOLER,
Who Relieved Barkly East.



Photo. West, Southern.
CORPORAL F. C. ARMSTRONG,
B. S. A. Police, Died, Mafeking.



BRITISH PRISONERS IN PRETORIA.

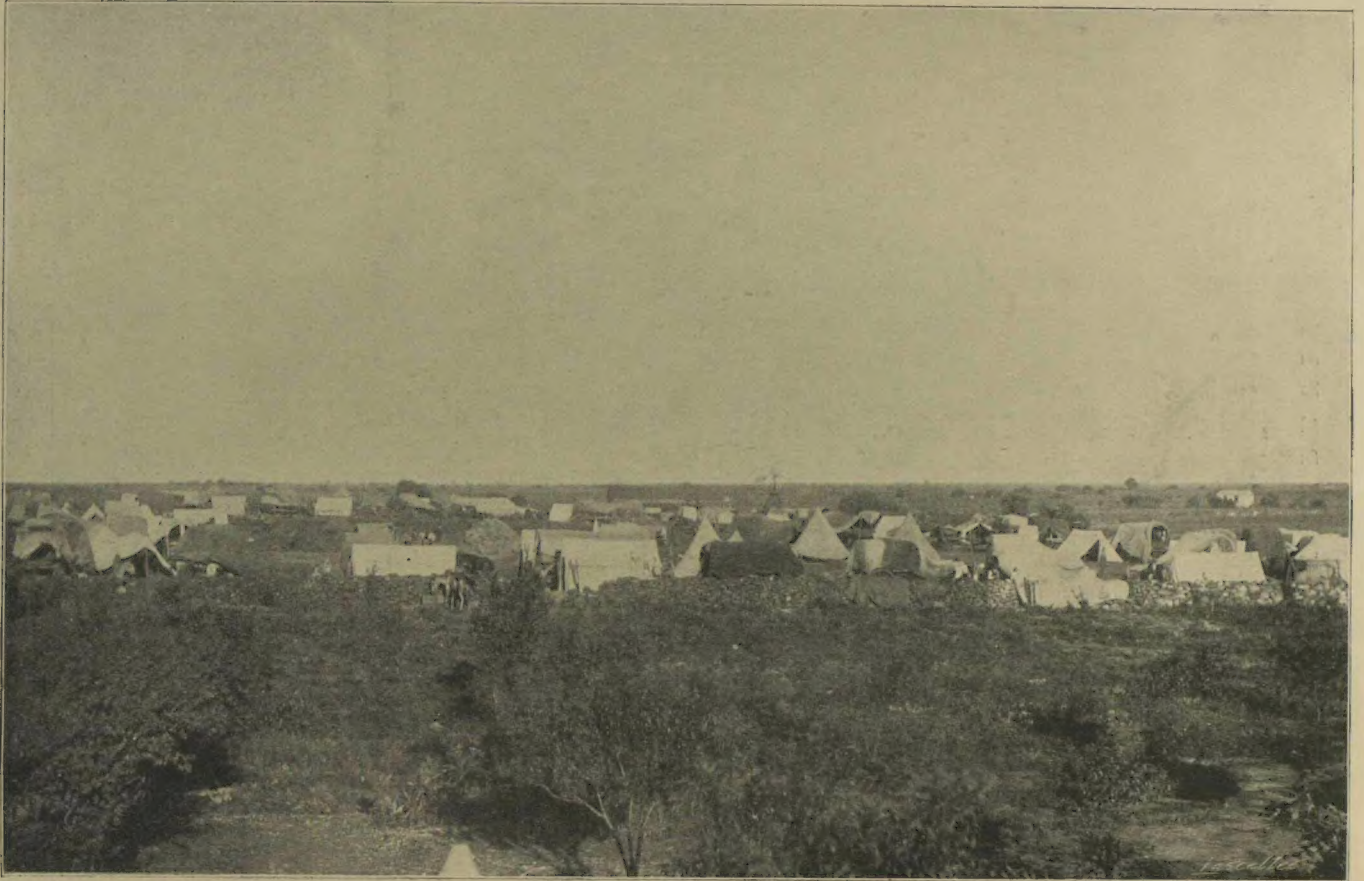


COOK AND CARPENTER TOO: PLANING BILTONG FOR THE BOER COMMANDANTS' MESS.

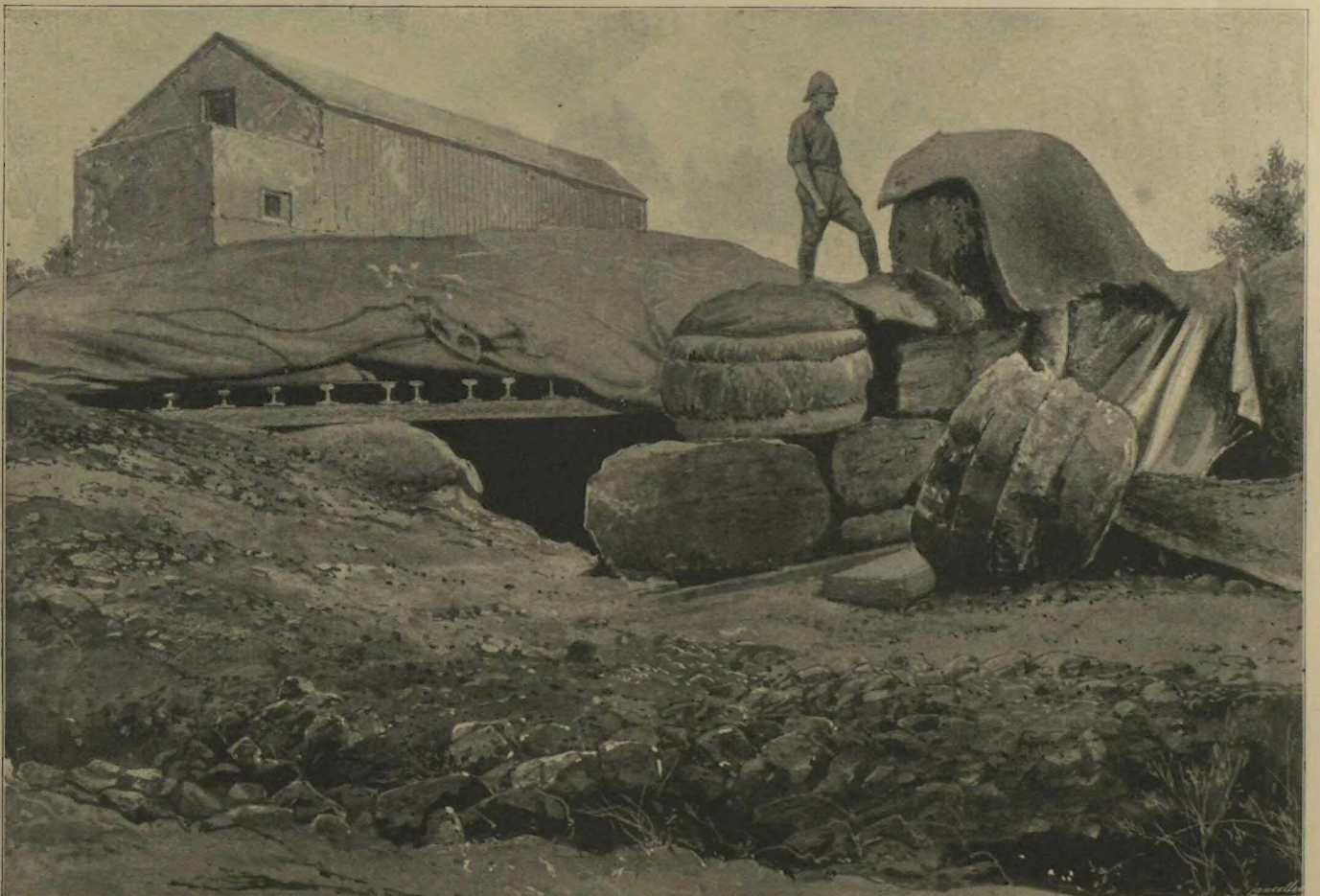
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. LEA, OF NATAL.

Biltong (meat cut into narrow strips and sun-dried) is valued by the Boers in proportion to its hardness, and often has to be cut with a carpenter's plane. It is considered an excellent jest to sit round while this operation is in progress, and snap up the shavings before the poor cook has time to secure them. Some biltong found by our soldiers was pronounced hard enough for tent-pegs.

T H E I N V E S T M E N T O F M A F E K I N G .



THE BOER LAAGER OUTSIDE THE TOWN.



COLONEL BADEN-POWELL'S SHELTER.

THE BOER AMBUSCADE AT KOORN SPRUIT.



THE SURPRISE OF ROBERTS'S HORSE: "FILES ABOUT, GALLOP!"

FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

The order of "Files about, Gallop!" was first given by the Colonel, and then, to the men, by Captain Pack-Beresford.—NOTE BY MR. PRIOR.



REINFORCEMENTS PUSHING FORWARD TO ELANDSLAAGTE.

FAIRBANKS OF NEW YORK BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F.

When the news of the Boer attack and the sound of heavy firing were heard in camp, the General immediately ordered a battery of Royal Horse Artillery to be sent forward to the front.

Handwritten note: The Boers were seen in the distance, and the General ordered the battery to be sent forward to the front.

WITH ROBERTS IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Drawn by Private Farquharson, 2nd Seaforth Highlanders.

Bloemfontein, even after Lord Roberts has gone a stage farther on in his victorious march, is still a town full to overflowing. The English lady, who has been described as one too many at Cape Town, is not considered at all in the way in the occupied town in the Orange Free State, which has made welcome Lady Roberts and her two daughters. Not that the local attractions of Bloemfontein are very great. If it does not belie its name, like the Paradise Rows and the Eden Groves of our city slums, that is because its name's significance is often misunderstood. Bloom and fountains has been one common rendering of the name—the spring of flowers another. Nothing more exhilarating could be imagined. It is rather disappointing, therefore, to know that in any strictly historical account of the town it takes its appellation from Mr. Bloem, a farmer who settled with his family and his flocks beside the spring of water that has not since failed. That was in the earlier years of Queen Victoria's reign, and when Winburg was the principal town of the country. The house that Farmer Bloem built of turf—the very beginning of Bloemfontein—stands where the Presidency now stands, the Presidency that shall know its President Steyn never again. Flowers, therefore, have no real place in the town's name; nor are they very apparent in the landscape. Buttercups not of the best, and marguerites that would not do much credit to the flower-seller in London streets, made all the bag of a recent hunter after blossom over miles of hills and veldt in the neighbourhood. In the gardens of the town, truth to tell, the flower-harvest is hardly more abundant. According to the same authority, some of the residents have tried to grow roses.



IN THE MARKET SQUARE, BLOEMFONTEIN: THE PIPES AND DRUMS OF THE BLACK WATCH.

the Riet." Other waters would have done as well for the purpose; nor is there anything locally distinctive in the sketch of "A Thunderstorm Passing Over the Camp"—the camp that consists of a mushroom forest of tents upon

had some heavy calls made of late upon its coffers. On the left may be seen a corner of the Town Club, a haunt of English officers during the period of Lord Roberts's occupation. The human accessories of such a scene are constantly varying; but, at the moment seized by the artist, the Black Watch is to be seen in the Market Square of Bloemfontein. At dusk, the fife and drums or the pipes sounded a retreat; and the little town as well as the big camp went to bed at eight o'clock. Pickets paraded the streets, and a dozen guards slept the sleep of the weary in the Square, ready to start up at call. The correspondent who strolled out to the post-office with his "copy" after that hour did so under cover of a pass not granted except as a mark of special favour.



A THUNDERSTORM PASSING OVER THE CAMP.

importing the best strains from England. But the rose of Persia, as every rose is, has an evident grudge against the soil of South Africa. It at once degenerates, and in a few years is shrivelled and scentless—something worse, therefore, than the hedge-rose of England, sculptural in form, pregnant in fragrance, which is now on its way to us with June. Table Mountain, with a name of no promise, has another tale to tell about its breadth of vegetation. But if flowers are rare at Bloemfontein, water is there in plenty. The fountain flowed to the refreshment of many an English soldier when the sources of the ordinary water-supply of the town were in the hands of the enemy.

Not much beauty of other sorts is to be seen in this prosperous market-town, turned for the nonce into a camp. Corrugated-iron roofs do not make for picturesqueness. They cannot compete in decorative effect with tiles, all of variegated reds, nor with those green slates that took the particular fancy of Mr. Ruskin. Even the red brick of the houses somehow fails. It does not approach in beauty the bricks of old walls in English country gardens, bricks that have not a monotonous tuck of colour in them, and that are as beautiful as the cooler reds of the roses that sometimes cover them. To do them justice, British soldiers made themselves very quickly at home in the town, despite its aesthetic deficiencies. Lord Roberts has been described by correspondents in its streets. Orderlies rode to and fro; and A.D.C.'s had as much air of being-at-home about them as if they were in Pall Mall. Correspondents, too, have been very well contented there. So also have artists, such as our contributor, who, before he began new sketches on the spot, finished off in security and peace an old one he had begun not far from Jacobsdal, the subject being "An Early Morning Wash in the Riet River."

the hillsides. We come, however, to "a habitation and a name" in detail in the drawing of the Market Square as Private Farquharson saw it.

On the right is the office of the South African Mutual Life Assurance Society—an institution that must have

A priest in the diocese of Melbourne married some months ago his deceased wife's sister. He has been sentenced to twelve months' suspension.

The Dean of Exeter, Dr. Cowie, who has passed away at the great age of eighty-four, was a man of the old school. He was Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and kept up his interest in science for many years. As a preacher, though not eloquent, he had always something to say, and never failed in attracting attention. Undoubtedly he retained his deanery too long, but he steadily acted up to his own conception of duty. In his early days he was something of a pluralist, and from various sources drew a large income.

The Great Northern Railway are making special arrangements in connection with the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at York, from June 16 to 22. Through vehicles will be run with live stock and other exhibits. Information with regard to rates, train service, and other particulars can be obtained from any of the company's agents, or at King's Cross Station. Fast through trains will also be run to York from Great Northern stations, Southern lines, and other parts of the kingdom in connection with the Great Northern Railway.



AN EARLY MORNING WASH IN THE RIET RIVER.

Pictures from the Royal Academy.

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BLAKE'S GREAT NAVAL ENGAGEMENT WITH VAN TROMP, 1633.—W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.



"MUSICIENNE DU SILENCE."—ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE KING'S GARDEN. ARTHUR A. DIXON.



She looks down and looks down:
Beware, beware,

Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!"

W. P. FRITH, R.A.



"I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more."

SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



FOREST PASTURES.—ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



HERMES AT THE POOL.—HENRY S. TUKE, A.R.A.



THE LAND OF OLIVES.—ERNEST A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



Photo, G. H. Church, Victoria Road.

ACCIDENT TO A TROOP-TRAIN AT VICTORIA ROAD STATION, CAPE TOWN.

Owing to the bursting of a dam, in consequence of the heavy rains, the embankment of the railway became undermined, with the result that the troop-train, carrying detachments of the Northumberland Fusiliers and the Gordon Highlanders, was overturned, nine men being injured.



THE REDDERSBURG DISASTER: MEN OF THE IRISH RIFLES AND MOUNTED INFANTRY DELIVERING UP THEIR ARMS.

FACSIMILE OF SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

It was a sad affair, but could not be helped. They were hemmed in and had no water.—NOTE BY MR. PRIOR.

"THE HANDY MAN" AT WINDSOR.



A QUICK-FIRING GUN FROM H.M.S. "POWERFUL."

This gun was used during the siege, and is now in the collection of the War Museum.



LIEUTENANT A. W. HENRAGE.



LIEUTENANT E. C. TYSDALE-BIMOR.



SERGEANT J. G. FOWLER.



LIEUTENANT L. HALSBY.



MIDSHIPMAN THE HON. I. L. A. CARNEGIE.



MIDSHIPMAN G. E. LEWIN.



MIDSHIPMAN T. C. ARMSTRONG.



MIDSHIPMAN R. C. HAMILTON.



MIDSHIPMAN C. R. SHARP.



SERGEANT C. M. DEADWELL.



MIDSHIPMAN A. STOKES.



MIDSHIPMAN H. T. HAYES.



ENGINEER C. C. SMITH.



ENGINEER E. H. ELLIS.



GUNNER W. SIMS.



MIDSHIPMAN J. R. MIDDLETON.

SOME OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" WHO WERE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

Photographs by Russell, Southren.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL," AT WINDSOR: ENTERING THE QUADRANGLE.

Drawn from a Photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" AT WINDSOR: THE INSPECTION BY THE QUEEN IN THE CASTLE QUADRANGLE.



THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL" AT WINDSOR: "THREE CHEERS FOR THE QUEEN!"

Drawn from a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Windsor.



THE NAVY. CALL OF H.M.S. "CORRETT." A. WINSTON. THE MARCH FROM THE REGIMENT TO THE CASER.



Photo. Russell and Sons, for them.

CAPTAIN THE HON. HEDWORTH LAMPTON, WHO COMMANDED THE NAVAL BRIGADE AT LADYSMITH.



THE MEN OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE OF H.M.S. "POWERFUL," WHO WERE REVIEWED BY THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.
This photograph, taken on board the "Powerful," is the only one in which the sailors who fought at Ladysmith are shown in a group.

General View of the Town.



On the Valsch River.

The Falls, Valsch River.

KROONSTAD, WHERE THE BOERS WILL PROBABLY MAKE THEIR CHIEF STAND AGAINST THE ADVANCE OF LORD ROBERTS.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



COMING FROM THE FAIR — PHIL R. MORRIS, A.R.A.



THE POULTRY-YARD. — EYRE CROWE, A.R.A.

"While the cock with lively din,
To the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before."—L'ALFORD.

PICTURES FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



WOOL FOR THE CARGO-BEAT: DISTANT VIEW OF CAIRO.—FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A.



IN TIME OF WAR.—G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

THE NEW ATLANTIC LINER, "MINNEAPOLIS"

Photographs by Lascelles



THE STEAM-SHIP "MINNEAPOLIS" IN TILBURY DOCK.

The *Minneapolis*, the first of four large steamers being built by the well-known shipbuilders, Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Limited, of Belfast, to the order of the Atlantic Transport Company, Limited, made her first appearance in the Thames on May 1.

Being the largest vessel which has ever entered the Thames, she is worthy of notice, if only for the reason that she and her sister-ships are the largest vessels which the Port of London can accommodate, and no larger vessels will ever be seen in London until changes are made in the approaches of the great Port of London, which are at the mercy of the Thames Conservancy and the Trinity House.

The dimensions of the *Minneapolis* and her sister ships, the *Minnehaha*, *Minnetonka*, and *Minnewaska*, are—Extreme length 615 ft., breadth 65 ft. 5 in., and the loaded draught is 33 ft. The power developed by her twin quadruple balanced engines exceeds 10,000-horse power, and her speed, according to the weather, is from 16 to 17 knots per hour. It need hardly be mentioned that all the steamers owned by the Atlantic Transport Line are fitted with bilge keels, which so materially conduce to the comfort of passengers in heavy weather.

The accommodation on these steamers is situated entirely amidships, the state-rooms and saloons being all large and airy. The passengers who landed from her on her first voyage expressed themselves as delighted with the *Minneapolis* in every respect. The owners, contrary to the usual practice of steam-ship lines crossing the ocean, have avoided the modern tendency of over-decoration. Everything on the *Minneapolis* is of the best quality, but as simple as possible. The walls of the saloon are in light

oak, with allegorical figures burnt in the woodwork; an exquisite frieze in the same work, full of life and spirit, runs round the top. The dome in the ceiling gives

The library or writing-room is painted white with a little relief in gold. The book-case is at present without any books in it, as they have been promised as a gift to the ship by the city of Minneapolis, in recognition of the vessel's having been given the name of this great Western city; but unfortunately the books did not reach New York in time to be put into the case. The coverings of the sofas and chairs are in a very beautifully designed tapestry, the whole idea of the room being to keep it quiet and restful. The smoking-room is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. The decorations are in plain dark oak, and the seats upholstered in a very handsome red leather; all dinginess is thus avoided. Cosy corners are very suggestive of small parties sitting quietly together to have the friendly games which so materially assist in passing away the time.

No modern steamer would now be complete without suites of rooms, and the *Minneapolis*, being the most modern of modern steamers, has several suites situated on the promenade deck, which are as perfect as possible. The brass bedsteads are hung with fresh dimity curtains of pink roses on a white ground, the little window curtains all matching. Hanging cupboards and drawers add to the convenience of passengers. A bath-room is attached to each suite, and the private sitting-room adjoining the bed-room is charmingly fitted with writing-table and comfortable sofas. After the ship is clear of her dock, and as none but first-class passengers are carried, the whole length of the vessel is at the disposal of her passengers in addition to the promenade-decks, specially reserved for their use. On no other steamer afloat can a passenger find so much room to stretch his legs, or indeed so much comfort.



THE SALOON OF THE "MINNEAPOLIS."

ventilation and height to the room. The chairs and sofas are upholstered in red satin damask, and the whole effect of the saloon is bright and cheery, while also harmonious.



BRIDGE AND PROMENADE FROM THE FORE-PART OF THE VESSEL.



BRIDGE AND PROMENADE FROM THE AFTER-PART OF THE VESSEL.

LADIES' PAGE.

Neither years nor criticism deprives the Royal Academy of the prestige that surrounds it from its very age and long-standing. No other Private View can compare in interest and importance with this one. The people are more important, the dressing is far smarter, and the great, well-lighted rooms in themselves add to the brilliance of the event. Then all the best pictures are there, after all. The picture that was attracting most attention at the Private View was, naturally, that of the four generations of the royal house, painted by Orchardson. But before this, as usual, I stand unsatisfied; it seems to me that no portraits do the Queen justice. Her intellect

stretched over it; with this went a black straw hat trimmed with red roses. Mrs. George Alexander, as usual, wore one of the best dresses—a lettuce-green cloth made with a Directoire coat, having outside pocket-flaps, collar, revers, and vest, all of an interesting antique embroidery in silver on cream silk.

An exceedingly beautiful show is that which the Grafton Gallery has opened for its season's exhibition. It is the works of Romney; and while there are over one hundred and thirty examples in all, it, as a whole, resolves itself into an apotheosis of that singular and charming, if rather disreputable person, Emma, Lady Hamilton. Romney was, as the children say, "her trumpeter"—so far as her beauty went—and very lovely, indeed, are many of his numerous portraits and studies of this one subject. Yet it is interesting to see that, after all, the most charming of all the portraits of Lady Hamilton now in the Grafton is not a Romney, but the work of a woman, Madame Vigée Le Brun. The smile of that portrait is something to remember.

Women's pictures in the new Academy are not very numerous. It is probably the fault of the Hanging Committee, for women artists are a noun of multitude. The admirable picture, "News from the Front," by Madame Canziani, described here as I saw it in her studio, is well hung on the line. A very fine, spirited picture, similarly honoured in the hanging, is by the lady whose picture of horses running was bought from a previous Academy for the Chantrey Bequest; Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch's subject this year is again horses, this time combined with sea-waves—the great animals are having their sea-bath. There is a life and spirit in this that reminds us of Rosa Bonheur. Mrs. Henrietta Rae's portrait of the Lady Mayoress is a striking picture, the background being a tapestry full of brilliant but harmonious colouring, against which the royal blue velvet of the costume and the brunette tints of the very distinguished head of Lady Newton stand out finely. Mrs. Seymour Lucas (who is catalogued as "Mario Lucas") is as interesting in subject and excellent in technique as usual, in "The Hearth Witch," a sort of eerie Cinderella; and Mrs. Lucas also has some portraits on the wall. Viscountess Maitland shows what she might have done if her energies had been wholly given to art in her life-like miniature of the lamented General Wauchope. There are many less-known names appended to charming work, such as the pretty "Christmas Number" picture by Helen Cridland, in Gallery II—it is called "An Unwelcome Acquaintance"—a baby, with the peculiar earnestness of children, poking her Punctinello up against a very unwilling terrier's face; and a brilliant miniature landscape, "From the Cottage Garden," by Christine Shand, in Gallery IX. But, on the whole, there is nothing very remarkable by women artists this year.

Princess Louise, now Duchess of Argyll, has always been distinguished by her literary tastes and artistic skill, especially the latter, the proofs of which are too well known to need description. It is impossible to say that a devotion to charity is a characteristic of one more than of another of the Queen's daughters, who have all learned 'ho lesson that Princess Alice says in one of her letters who had been taught by the Queen and was trying in her turn to teach her daughters—that royal rank is nothing but an obligation to help and serve others, and to set a good example. But, at any rate, the Princess Louise has not failed to display her interest in charitable and benevolent works. I had the honour of meeting her once at an inspection that she made quite privately of classes for teaching the deaf and dumb to speak by lip-reading; and in similar unostentatious fashion she has studied and encouraged the workers in many such efforts. The Duke of Argyll (under the title now hidden by a higher one) had an article in a recent issue of a magazine suggesting that the Poor-law children from our workhouse schools might be sent over to South Africa, and formed into villages under clergy and schoolmasters, to be brought up as ideal colonists. He holds that they would never forget their loyalty, and would help to maintain the power of the Motherland there in the best of ways. The idea is the outcome of the practical experience of the Duke and Duchess as the Queen's representatives in Canada—an experiment which was on the whole a success, though the somewhat bourgeois society of Ottawa could not understand all the etiquette of a Court, and was particularly upset by the obligation to wear low-cut dresses at State functions whether the individual liked or not; but the Princess personally was greatly loved by the ladies of Canada.

H.R.H. Princess Christian has intimated her wish that the annual summer sale of the Royal School of Art Needlework should take place on Monday, May 21, and three following days, instead of May 22, as previously announced.

There is very little doubt that this year the birthday of her Majesty the Queen will be celebrated by one and all of her subjects in some fitting manner. There is a way that specially commends itself to me, for, in addition to honouring the Queen, it adds to the income of the National Bazaar held in aid of the sufferers by the War. The committee are issuing a national badge in commemoration of the Queen's birthday at the exceedingly moderate price of sixpence, with an additional penny for postage. The badge, which is finished in four colours and is indeed a work of art, can be obtained from the Badge Committee, War Employment Bureau, 171, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. I illustrate it here.



The statement that "Sir William Muir, the Principal of Edinburgh University, has announced his intention to retire," appeared in a prominent position and large type in a leading London daily, and as it remained uncontradicted,

I, unfortunately, supposed it to be true. Sir William Muir was born in the same year as the Queen, and it is a sincere pleasure to know that he is still mentally and physically capable of performing his duties with ability. I regret very much I was led into error. But my intention was to express gratitude on behalf of women—the gratitude that I know the Edinburgh women most strongly feel—to Sir William for what he has done for the education of their sex, and we shall all rejoice to know that his valuable influence is to remain still at the head of the University.

Our Illustrations are of light material gowns for the season. The one with the deep folded waistband of silk



A SEASONABLE COSTUME.

as written on her wide brow, and her graciousness that smiles on the lips in life, seem to evade the painter no less than the mechanical camera. The little Prince, carrying his big bunch of roses to his great-grandmother, would, I am sure, evoke a delightful smile in reality—that smile which all who have seen her Majesty know. But the picture, as a whole, much pleased the ladies at the Private View.

Among the Private-Viewers, easily first as a celebrity was Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith, who was so soon surrounded that he did not make a long stay. The Duchess of Portland, conspicuous by her height and grace, was quietly dressed in black lace-facet with a great deal of white chiffon and lace worn as a deep collar and a vest. The Duchess of Marlborough wore a gown of the palest grey voile, with a grey feather boa and a pale blue picture-hat. The Lady Mayoress had on a very smart toilette in grey cloth, the bolero trimmed round with a design cut out in black velvet and embroidered on with an outline of white; the underbodice shown deeply behind and as a vest was of narrow black and white striped silk, and the skirt was embroidered round with an appliqué design to match the bolero; her toque was of black and white silk prettily arranged in flutings and trimmed with black and white feathers. The Duchess of Bedford wore black grenadine. Lady Carew had a gown of black moiré trimmed with jet paillettes arranged in thick lines downwards, and a black hat of chiffon and ostrich-plumes. Miss Cowen accompanied her brother, the popular composer, and wore blue canvas trimmed with bands of white lace. Mrs. Shannon, whose portrait on the walls by her husband is much admired, was in grey cloth, the bolero trimmed all over with the same cloth decoupé, falling loose in front over a close-fitting underbodice, finished with a silver belt; her black hat, trimmed with ostrich-feathers, had chiffon strings tied round the throat. Miss Genevieve Ward was in foulard of a dark blue ground splashed with white and trimmed with bands of white lace. Two of the lady artists were alike in having their dresses cut quite low at the throat—Mrs. Henrietta Rae in a dress of red-and-blue shot silk, and Miss Ethel Wright in a black satin coat, with a vest of white chiffon frills, terminating in a transparent lace yoke. Miss Alma-Tadema had a pretty, youthful dress of a red-and-blue brocade material, with a lace collar to the bolero and a front of blue with lace



A FASHIONABLE GOWN.

is trimmed with bands of lace, and has the bolero fastened near the shoulder with a bow of lace. The second is also trimmed with bands of white lace, made more striking by being outlined with narrow jet passementerie; the bands seen from the edge of the bolero to the waist fall loose over a front of full chiffon. The hat in this case is of felt, three-cornered in shape, trimmed with black and white osprey. The other hat depicted is also of felt trimmed with quills and a lace bow.

Ribbons are being made beautiful exceedingly, and can be applied to many purposes, such as forming an entire vest, or facing revers, or running down skirts. Some are brocaded with velvet flowers; some are shot; some have gauze laces let in between silk strips, or gauze edges; some ribbons are entirely gauze, enriched with satin spots or floral designs, and others are printed all over with Paisley patterns. Satin ribbons are still most generally used for belts and buckles, and black satin ribbon is put with the lightest of colours on the fine cloth gowns that are now being made. Galons of all sorts are also ready for trimmings; many are worked elaborately with paillettes, but it is a mistake to buy any, however handsomely appearing, at too low a price, for nothing can be less satisfactory in wear than this sort of trimming made by machinery, the whole of the sequins running off as soon as one thread breaks, while those made by hand, though rather costly in the first instance, wear very well indeed. Embroidered lisse galons are very charming for soft-silk gowns, and as to the laces ready to be used as insertions or flouncings or tabliers—their name is legion! A novelty of the season is to connect the lines of trimming or separated parts of the material by rows of feather-stitching in silk, worked, perhaps, in the same, perhaps in a contrasting colour to that of the material itself. This, of course, must be done in the making of the dress, and cannot be bought as a trimming, and only the very best dressmakers should be allowed to undertake it.

A set of menu cards, artistically printed in colours and giving several fine views of Paris and the Exhibition, has just been issued by the Liebig Company (the proprietors of "Lemco"), who, at the first great Paris Exhibition, in 1867, gained two gold medals. The Company will forward a set to anyone on receipt of a postcard to them at 9, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. FLORENA.

'DUTY' is the Demand of the Passing Hour.—GOETHE.

THE VICTORIA ERA IS UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD FOR ITS PURITY, GREATNESS, AND GOODNESS.

"Who best can suffer, best can do."—MILTON.

What alone enables us to draw a just moral from the tale of life?

"Were I asked what best dignifies the present and consecrates the past; what alone enables us to draw a just moral from the Tale of Life; what sheds the purest light upon our reason; what gives the firmest strength to our religion; what is best fitted to soften the heart of man and elevate his soul, I would answer, with Lassues, it is 'EXPERIENCE.'"—LORD LYTON.

TO LIVE IN THE HEARTS WE LEAVE BEHIND IS NOT TO DIE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

His life was gentle, and the elements so mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up and say to all the world,
"This was a man."—SHAKESPEARE.

"I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom," he was able to say. He loved Manliness, Truth, and Justice. He despised all Trickery and Selfish Greed . . . "Let us have faith that right makes right." . . . Come what will, I will keep my faith with friend or foe. Benevolence and Forgiveness were the basis of his character. HIS NATURE WAS DEEPLY RELIGIOUS, but belonged to no denomination. ARCHITECT of his own fortunes, mastering every emergency, fulfilling every duty. As Statesman, Ruler, and Liberator, CIVILISATION WILL HOLD HIS NAME IN PERPETUAL HONOUR.—Col. J. C. NICOLAY, *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

THE DAWN OF FREEDOM! LINCOLN'S ALLEGORY of the SHORN LAMB.

LINCOLN and
HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral.

"By the way, a fine example was presented on board the boat in which I was travelling for contemplating the effect of condition upon human happiness. A gentleman had purchased twelve negroes in different parts of Kentucky, and was taking them to a farm in the South. They were chained six and six together, a small iron clevis was around the left wrist of each, and this fastened to the main chain by a shorter one, at a convenient distance from the others, so that the negroes were strung together precisely like so many fishes upon a trot-line. In this condition they were being SEPARATED FOR EVER from the SCENES OF THEIR CHILDHOOD, THEIR FRIENDS, THEIR FATHERS and MOTHERS, and BROTHERS and SISTERS, and many of them from THEIR WIVES and CHILDREN, and GOING INTO PERPETUAL SLAVERY, where the LASH of the MASTER is PROVERBIAL MORE RUTHLESS and UNRELENTING THAN ANY OTHER-WHERE;



and yet AMID THESE DISTRESSING CIRCUMSTANCES, as we would think them, THEY WERE the MOST CHEERFUL and APPARENTLY HAPPY CREATURES ON BOARD. One, whose offence for which he had been sold was an OVER-FONDNESS for his WIFE, played the FIDDLE ALMOST CONTINUALLY, and THE OTHERS DANCED, SANG, CRACKED JOKES, and PLAYED VARIOUS GAMES with CARDS from DAY to DAY.

"HOW TRUE it is that 'GOD TEMPER'S THE WIND to the SHORN LAMB.'"

Extract of a Letter by Timothy, from "Abraham Lincoln, The Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood.

MORAL.—PERFECT HAPPINESS lies FIRST OF ALL in PERFECT HEALTH, and does not GRIEVE for the things which we HAVE NOT, but REJOICES for THOSE WHICH WE HAVE.

And such is human life, on gliding on.
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

A TEAR!

The Drying up of a single Tear has more of honest fame than Shedding Seas of Gore.—BYRON.

LOVE OF LIFE.

"'Tis Life, NOT Death, For which we pant;

More Life and Fuller, That we want!"—TENNYSON.

THE BREAKING OF LAWS, REBELLING AGAINST GREAT TRUTHS.

Instincts, Inclinations, Ignorance, and Follies. Discipline and Self-Denial, that Precious Boon, the Highest and Best in this Life.

O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

It is not too much to say that its merits have been published, tested, and approved literally from pole to pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of purpose. Without it Life is a Sham!! "A new invention is brought before the public, and a score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

The value of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' cannot be told. Its success in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand proves it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, PREVENTED what would otherwise have been a SERIOUS ILLNESS. The effect of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' upon any DISORDERED and FEVERISH condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. It is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See that the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a worthless Imitation.

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THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE IRISH CHANNEL SERVICE.

The stimulus given to the Irish Channel traffic of late years, which has been heightened by the recent visit of the Queen to Ireland, has induced the London and

the first class being placed amidships and forward of the machinery. The ladies' cabins and drawing-room, the dining-saloon and smoking-room, are all luxuriously furnished, and every comfort has been studied. Bath-rooms have been provided in which passengers can have fresh and salt water hot and cold plunge, douche and

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1899) of Mrs. Mimina John Ralli, of 33, Gloucester Square, who died on Feb. 16, was proved on April 27 by Lucas Eustratios Ralli and Pandely Leonidas Argenti, the executors, the value of the estate



THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW TWIN-SCREW STEAMER "ANGLIA."

North-Western Railway Company to add yet another to the magnificent fleet of steam-ships which ply between Holyhead and Dublin and Greenore. The *Anglia*, which made a very successful trial trip last week, is a sister-ship to the *Cumbria* and *Hibernia*, and has now taken her place in the Holyhead and Northwall service. Built by Messrs. Denny Brothers, of Dumbarton, she is twin-screw, 337 ft. long, and has attained a speed of 21½ knots an hour.

The passenger accommodation is replete in every respect, and occupies practically the whole of the vessel,

shower baths. The fleet of six twin-screw steamers, which has been built up since 1895, provides a Channel service unsurpassed in every respect.

Camelford, in East Cornwall, a name familiar to readers of *Tennyson*, has had a narrow escape of being burnt out. Sunday morning saw the blaze begin; and throughout the day the flames advanced. The nearest fire-engine being fourteen miles away, it did not arrive till damage to the amount of many thousands of pounds had been done.

being £500,580. The testatrix gives her household furniture and effects and £60,000, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Mariora Aristide Eumorfopoulos; £50,000, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Julia Scaramanga; £40,000 to Mrs. Harriet Pandeli Ralli; £35,000 to Mrs. Alexander Vlasto; £35,000 to the Baroness Caterina Paul de Ralli; £15,000 each, upon trust, for her nieces Esmeralda, Egrinki, and Despina; £8,000 each, upon trust, for her nephews Eustratios Emmanuel Mavrogordato and Anthony Emmanuel Mavrogordato, and her niece Ina Theodore Ralli; £15,000 between her executors, and

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JAMES I. "PRINCE'S PLATE."

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Guaranteed to retain its splendid appearance and wear like Silver for 30 Years.



James I. Mullin Dish, in Prince's Plate, £3 5s. In Sterling Silver, £9 10s.



James I. Afternoon Tea Service, with Handle and Knob to Tea Pot.
Tea Pot, 2 pint ... £2 15
Sugar Basin ... 1 2
Cream Jug ... 1 8
In Sterling Silver, £4 10s.



Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, James I. design, £11 10s. Prince's Plate Salad Servers, £1. Sterling Silver, £2 5s.



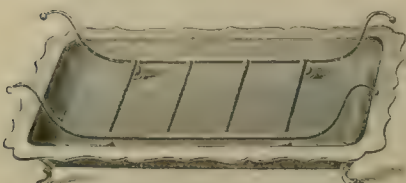
James I. Egg Frame and Spoons, with Six Egg Cups, interiors richly gilt. In Prince's Plate, £4 5s. In Sterling Silver, £9 15s.



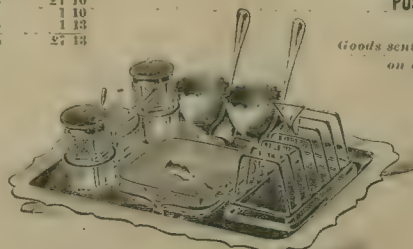
James I. Inkstand, with Plain Square Cut Glass Bottles. In Prince's Plate ... £2 10
In Sterling Silver ... 6 10



James I. Butter Dish, in Prince's Plate, with Clear Glass Body, £1 5s. In Sterling Silver, £4.



James I. Asparagus Stand and Rack, as illustrated. In Prince's Plate, £2 5s. In Sterling Silver, £9. Complete with Sauce Boat, Prince's Plate, £4 10s.



(Registered Design.)
New Combination Breakfast Tray, in Prince's Plate and Cut Glass, James I. style, £5.



(Registered Design.)
Oval Entree Dish, James I. style, 11½ in. long. In Prince's Plate, £3 5s. In Sterling Silver, £12.

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THE FAVOURITE.

It's easy to handle, and being always in sight, is never forgotten or allowed to waste; that's why it's

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THE FAVOURITE

Swan White Soap
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It yields a rich, fragrant, and soothing lather most refreshing to the cuticle; that's why it's

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It's an economical soap unexcelled for the bath, and for washing costly fabric; that's why it's

THE FAVOURITE.

other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to Mrs. Eumorfopoulos and Mrs. Scaramanga.

The will (dated Jan. 29, 1898) of Mr. Joseph Napier Higgins, Q.C., J.P., D.L., of 24, The Boltons, South Kensington, and Nether Winchenden, Bucks, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on May 1 by Mrs. Sophia Elizabeth Higgins, the widow, and Francis Tyringham Higgins Bernard, the son, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £245,070. The testator devises and gives his land and premises at Coolnamuck, Waterford, and Chearsley, Bucks, and all other his real estate, and his leasehold premises in Drayton Gardens to his son; and his residence, with the furniture and effects therein, and his ready money to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and subject thereto to his son.

The will (dated June 15, 1897), with a codicil (dated May 11, 1899), of Mr. John Thornton Rogers, of River Hill, Sevenoaks, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on April 20 by Mrs. Margaret Rogers, the widow, Arthur Edward Rogers, the son, and Richard Bagwell, three of the executors, the value of the estate being £201,430. The testator bequeaths the sum of £11,000 to his wife; £15,000 to his son John Middleton; £20,000 to his son Arthur Edward; £10,000, upon trust, for each of his daughters; and an annuity of £50 to his nurse, Sarah Game. A further sum of £50,000 is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then divided between his children, except his eldest son. He gives certain real estate to his son Arthur Edward; and the residue of his freehold property to his son John Middleton. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to make up the annual income of his wife to £2300, and subject thereto for his son John Middleton.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1900) of Sir Geers Henry Cotterell, third Baronet, of 10, Hertford Street, Mayfair,



FOUND ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF MAGERSFONTAIN.

The cooling-pots were left behind by the Boers.

who died on March 17, was proved on April 27 by Sir John Richard Geers Cotterell, the son, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £118,669. The testator gives £100 to the Hereford Infirmary; £1000 each to his daughters Alice and Louisa, and the residue of his property to his son.

The will (dated March 9, 1876), with two codicils (dated April 19 and Aug. 15, 1889), of Mr. Thomas Smith Pix, J.P., of Woodside, Peasmarsh, Sussex, who died on Jan. 12, was proved on April 28 by Herbert Ives Stileman, the executor, the value of the estate amounting to £66,011. The testator gives £2000, and his premises called "The Winders," Peasmarsh, to William Plumley; £500 each to his cousins Margaret Proctor, Charlotte Pix, Harriet Pix, the Rev. Henry Pix, and Frederick Pix; £300 each to Jane Elwin and Elizabeth Weston; £500 to his godson, James Fenwick; £300 to William Thomas Linkskill; £300 to Elizabeth

Theodore Bell; and there are specific gifts to his children, and his brothers and sisters. The residue of his property he leaves to his children as tenants in common.

The will (dated March 6, 1900) of Mr. William Thomas Harris, of 50, Elm Park Gardens, S.W., who died on March 20, was proved on April 21 by Frederick Blackall Garrard, Stuart James Bevan, and Charles Knight, the executors, the value of the estate being £62,504. The testator bequeaths £1000 and £2500, upon trust, for his daughter, Marion Florence Bevan; £2500, upon trust, for his son Stanley; £2000 each, upon trust, for his daughters-in-law, Ella Elizabeth Harris, Carrie Louise Harris, and Marion Harris; £1000, upon trust, for his granddaughter, Ivy Garrard; an annuity of £200 to his son Percy James; annuities of £50 each to his sons William Thomas, and Robert; £1000 each to his grandsons Stuart James Bevan,

Barker; £100 to James Coleman Vidler; and £300 to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners Royal Benevolent Society. The residue of his personal property he leaves to the person who shall succeed to his settled real estate. All his manors, lands, and real estate he devises to Charles Lewis Lawrence, the son of his cousin, Mrs. Emily Lawrence, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. The tenant for life of the above property is to take the surname and arms of Pix.

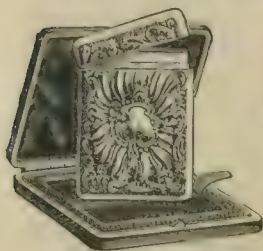
The will (dated Dec. 9, 1899) of Mr. Winchester Clowes, J.P., of Ilitchin, Herts, and 132, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, who died on March 7, was proved on April 28 by William Charles Knight Clowes, the brother, and Theodore Bell, the executors, the value of the estate being £81,343. The testator bequeaths a miniature of Napoleon and a locket containing a lock of his hair to W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.; a silver cigarette-case to Lord Forester; £200 each to his brothers the Rev. George Clowes and William Charles Knight Clowes; £100 to

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May 12, 1900.

Madam,

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From £100, and Arthur Bevan; £100 to the Rector of St. George's-in-the-East, for the poor; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income of one fourth thereof to Marion Florence Bevan, for life, or until she shall marry, and subject thereto for his grandchildren, Stuart James Bevan, Arthur Bevan, Frank Bevan, and Ivy Garrard.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1899) of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Hall, K.C.M.G., Q.C., Recorder of London, of the Middle Temple, and 2, Mount Street, who died on March 9, was proved on May 3 by John Lees Casson and Captain James O'Connell Forbes, junior, the executors, the value of the estate being £55,874. The testator bequeaths £2000 to John Lees Casson; £1000 to his secretary, George Hughes; £1000 each to the Barristers' Benevolent Society and the Royal Free Hospital; £2500 each to the four daughters of his late sister Mary Jane Montlock, £2500 to his sister Ellen Gordon; £1000 each to his nieces Edith Casson and Bessie Kruger Gordon; £7000, upon trust, for his nephew John Walter; £1000 and certain jewels to his niece Mary Hall; and legacies to servants. He gives all his presents from the royal family, and their photographs, and his Court robes and uniforms, orders, medals, letters and manuscripts, and his furniture, plate, etc., to his brother Lewis Duvel Hall. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew James O'Connell Forbes, junior.

The will (dated March 1, 1899), with two codicils (dated March 4, 1899, and Feb. 2, 1900), of Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Bamford, of 60, Eaton Square, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on April 19 by Edmund Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt, the nephews, and John Davies Deconport, the executors, the value of the estate being £35,176. The testatrix gives £15,000, upon trust, for her nephew Edmund for life, and then for his eldest son; £8000, upon trust, as to one moiety for her nephew Eustace, and the other moiety for her nephew Ashton Lovett; £2000 to Henrietta Turlton; £1000 to Emma Frances Mary Tennyson d'Eyncourt; £1000 to Maud Hamilton Russell,

a daughter of Viscount Boyne; £1000 stock, £200, and her wearing apparel to Emma Broughton. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew Edmund.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1891) of Mr. Francis Horatio Fitzroy, J.P., D.L., of Frogmore Park, Yateley, Hants, who died on March 20, was proved on April 21 by Almeric William Fitzroy, the son, and Colonel the Hon. Montagu Curzon, the son-in-law, the executors, the value of the estate being £36,367. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife, the Hon. Gertrude Fitzroy, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children. In default of such appointment, portions are to be made up, of £12,000 for his son Cyril Duncombe; £10,000, upon trust, for his daughter Kathleen Horatia; and £6000 each for his daughters Gertrude Louise Lloyd Anstruther, Helen Marie Newton, and Esme Curzon; and the ultimate residue of his property he leaves to his son Almeric.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1899) of Mr. Charles Manby Nainby, J.P., of Barnoldby le Beck, Lincoln, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on April 6 by William Nainby, the brother and sole executor, the value of the estate amounting to £31,103. The testator gives £150 to his nephew, William Clave Nainby-Luxmoor and his wife Marian, and several small annuities amounting to £105 per annum. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother.

The will of Sir Henry Le Geyt Bruce, K.C.B., of 1, East Cliff, Dover, who died on April 15, was proved on April 25 by Dame Alice Bruce, the widow, the executrix, the value of the estate being £656.

The will of Sir Anchtel Ashburnham, Bart., of Broomham, Hastings, Sussex, who died on Dec. 2, was proved on April 20 by Sir Anchtel Piers Ashburnham-Clement, the son and sole executor, the value of the estate being £2057.

The will of Mr. George William Brewis, J.P., of Silverdale Lodge, Eastbourne, who died on March 2, was proved on April 24 by Mrs. Elizabeth Salisbury Brewis, the widow, George Robert Brewis, the son, and Colonel Clement William Joseph Unthank, the executors, the value of the estate being £6038.

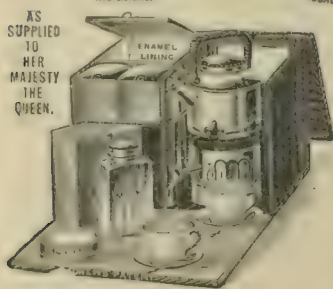
THE ROMNEY PICTURES AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

An adequate exhibition of the works of George Romney would be interesting, as putting to a crucial test a reputation which rests upon a limited number of remarkably beautiful portraits. The managers of the present exhibition have had the courage to go in search of the painter's less-known works, and to exhibit them interspersed with a few of those more important ones which have from time to time been lent by their owners. Romney's posthumous fame is so bound up with Emma Hart, or Lyon, afterwards Lady Hamilton, that there is some reason for showing how other painters besides Romney were impressed by this celebrated beauty, and Sir J. Tollemache Sinclair's drawing of this lady, although its authenticity is not beyond challenge, is both interesting and attractive, as it probably portrays her as she appeared as the Priestess of Hygeia, when she attracted the notice of Mr. C. Greville. This, however, was in 1782, and for at least fourteen years previously Romney had been known as a rising portrait-painter, although he had to contend against the ill-will of Reynolds, who was then the arbiter of taste. Romney, however, had done little so far to qualify for a place in the front rank, and we may take it that many of the portraits in the present exhibition belong to this period. They are marked by a certain identity of pose, and an unfinished treatment of arms and hands, which mar their general effect. Strangely enough, it was as a painter of men's portraits that Romney first made himself conspicuous as "the man in Cavendish Square," as Reynolds, recognising a possible rival, described him. In course of time fashionable ladies also flocked to his studio; of these, the best instances in the exhibition are Elizabeth, Lady Forbes, a beautiful woman in a large hat trimmed with lace; Marchioness Townshend and Mrs. Cardwaine and child, to mention the smaller works; and the full-length portraits of Mrs. Lee Acton and Lady Milnes. Of course, Lady Hamilton meets one at every turn. One is rather surprised to find that in Pierpoint Morgan's really beautiful picture she should be

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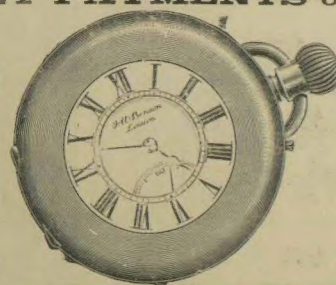
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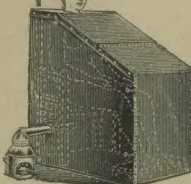
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